

No. 2 OF THE "SUNDAY PICTORIAL" BREAKS ALL CIRCULATION RECORDS

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

No. 3,559.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY MARCH 22, 1915

16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

A "FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH": A GUN SUPPLIED THE FLASH.



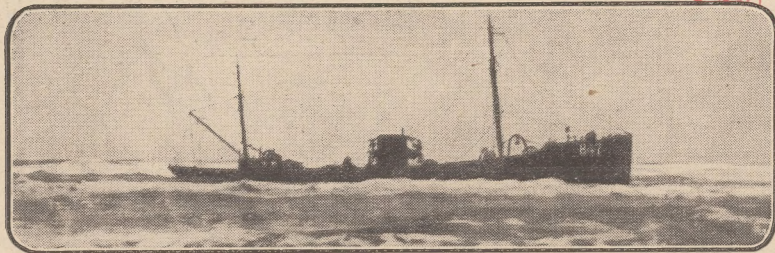
It was pitch dark when this remarkable photograph was taken, but as the gun sent forth its messenger of death there was a flash of light of which the camera man made full use. A photograph taken in this way is probably unique.

DAWN FINDS LONELY SENTRY STANDING AT HIS POST.



As the sun rose over the distant hills heralding the dawn of another day it revealed the lonely figure of a British sentry standing at his post. There was no other sign of human life. The picture was taken "somewhere in France."

LIFEBOAT CARRIAGE BATTERED BY THE WAVES.



The wrecked vessel as seen from the beach. All the crew were drowned.



The remains of the lifeboat carriage.

When a small vessel was wrecked off Bridlington the lifeboatmen tried to launch their craft, but the carriage was smashed by the fury of the waves and one of the horses was drowned. This occurred during the bad weather experienced upon the East Coast last week.

LITTLE GRECIAN PATRIOTS.



Grecian boys dressed as infantry officers. The picture was taken when the country was so excited over the resignation of M. Venizelos. The people want to go to war with Turkey.

DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON HIGH STREET LONDON W

25 Bargains for 'Mirror' Readers

ALL ORDERS
POST FREE.

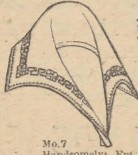
We willingly return the
purchase money in full
if any article is not
considered satisfactory.



No. 1. Real Ostrich
feather Col-
lar, with
beautiful
tassel ends.
Black or
White and White
with Black or
Grey 9/11



No. 2. - White
Mushy Collar
with Black Velvet
Band. New
plated Brill 1/-



No. 7. Handsomely Em-
brodered Vellie
Roll Collar, in
White only 1/0 1/2



No. 8. Dainty Em-
brodered Collar,
plated Back.
Price Each 6 1/2 d.



No. 10. Dainty Coat of smart cotton
material (double-breasted) White
ground with Pink, Red, Brown, floral
colours. Also Navy and Black,
with White sprig. (Cannot be had on approval.) 3/6



No. 13. Smart Striped silk
Belt, in various
colours. Excep-
tional value. 2/6 1/2



No. 14. Smart More silk
Belt, in all colours
and Black, finished
with silk or jet
fringe. Made to
order. In Satin or
Glaze. Price 5/11



No. 15. Smart Hat Mount of
Striped Silk Ribbon 2/6 1/2
Also made specially in
Tulle, Satin or Mohair.



No. 16. Natural Bunch of
Violets for Hat
or Turban. Price 1/0 1/2



No. 17. Corpe Feather Collar with
Tassel ends. In Black, White
or Grey. Each 3/11



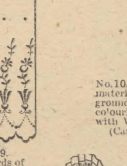
No. 3. Charmingly em-
brodered Col-
lar 1/11 1/2



No. 4. Smart striped Vellie front, with
Military Collar. In White, with
Black, Navy, Pink, Hella, and
Sage 1/13 1/2



No. 5. Smart striped Vellie front, with
Military Collar. In White, with
Black, Navy, Pink, Hella, and
Sage 1/13 1/2



No. 6. Smart striped Vellie front, with
Military Collar. In White, with
Black, Navy, Pink, Hella, and
Sage 1/13 1/2



No. 9. 660 yards of
Embroidered Vellie
Bouillon, also 3
similar de-
signs 45 in.
width. 1/6 1/2
(No patterns sent.)



No. 11. 504 Dainty White Muslin
Fronts with fashionable
shape collar. Each 9d.



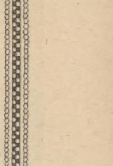
No. 12. - Muslin Front with new
shaped Collar. Special 1/0 1/2



No. 18. Crêpe de
Chine Bow,
Navy, Vieux
Rose Brown,
Purple, Em-
ma. 1/6 1/2



No. 19. Beautiful Wreath of Vel-
vet. In Black, Navy, Purple, Sage,
Brown, and Grey. Yd., 1/0 1/2 & 6d.



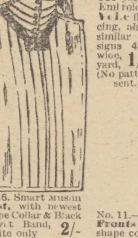
No. 20. - Dainty Rose Wreath with
Foliage, suitable for a child's hat. In
many shades of Pinks, also in White, Blue
and Red. Usual 2/6. Now, yd., 1/11 1/2



No. 21. - Charming Fanny Wreath. 6/11
In all natural shades. Price



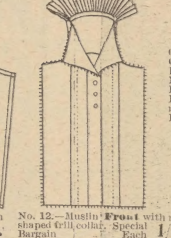
No. 22. - Charming Wreath of
Panna or Wood Violets. Price 5/11



No. 23. - Charming Wreath of
Panna or Wood Violets. Price 5/11



No. 24. - Charming Wreath of
Panna or Wood Violets. Price 5/11



No. 25. - Charming Wreath of
Panna or Wood Violets. Price 5/11



No. 26. - Charming Wreath of
Panna or Wood Violets. Price 5/11



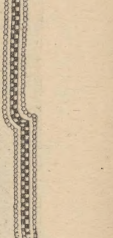
No. 27. - Charming Wreath of
Panna or Wood Violets. Price 5/11



No. 28. - Charming Wreath of
Panna or Wood Violets. Price 5/11



No. 29. - Charming Wreath of
Panna or Wood Violets. Price 5/11



No. 30. - Charming Wreath of
Panna or Wood Violets. Price 5/11

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GREAT DISPLAY of EASTER MILLINERY

OUR Great Display of Easter Wear is temptingly attractive both
in styles and prices. We welcome your visit for the purpose
of comparison: our values simply cannot be beaten.

The only Large
store in London
opens all day on
Saturday.

Mr. 3. - Black Glaze Silk
Hat with Tassel Un-
trimmed with
Marguerites and Polkae.
Can be made in Colours
to order in a few days.
Spring Stock. Price
10/11

If you cannot
call, you will do
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post. Money
back if not
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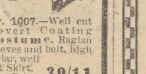
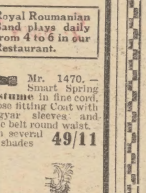
Bar. Very smart Model in
Black Tassel, trimmed
with and velvet roses.
Can be copied in other
colours. Price 16/11

Mr. 222. - White
Mushy Hat, with
smart fancy sprig
roll Collar, side has
telling effect. Good
value. Price 1/11 1/2

Post 2d. extra.
Mr. 224. - Self
Coloured, Zephyr Hat, with
smart cut and finish.
Colours: Sage, Old Rose,
Grey, Hella, Sky, and
Turquoise. Price 1/11 1/2

Post 2d. extra.
Mr. 245. - Real
Sporting Hat, with
elastic above
waist. White
only. Size 20
to 26. Sale Price 1/11 1/2

Postage 3d.
"CUMPHY DURA" HOSI-
ery for Ladies and Girls, is guaranteed against holes
coupon with every 5 or 6 pairs. British, part Cas-
mere, fast dye. Best foreign "holeproofs".
In 2 sizes. Ladies' 1/6 1/2 1/11 1/2 2/6 1/2
In 2 sizes. Ladies' 1/6 1/2 1/11 1/2 2/6 1/2
In 2 sizes. Ladies' 1/6 1/2 1/11 1/2 2/6 1/2



Smart and Low-priced Coats and Costumes

Object-lessons in Remarkable Value.

"AYNHOE."—(Costume Dept.)—Plain, well-
cut Coat and Skirt in Northern Tweed;
large range of colours, self or mixed. Coat
has belt across back (all round if desired).
The Skirt has a fold down
centre front and gathered back
(Thoroughly good value) 3 gns.



"PEARL."—(Mantle Dept.)—
Smart Little Black Taffeta Coat,
which can be worn for in or out
of doors. This design embodies
the newest ideas without being
extreme, and the value is really
exceptional. Stocked in very
small, small, medium, large and
extra large sizes. Un-
lined. Special Price 2 gns.
Write for one of these delightful
Catalogues. If you are
unable to see, references or
usual trade references should
accompany order.

"SYLVIE."—(Mantle Dept.)—Won-
derful Value. Charming little Coat
in Black Silk Moire. Excellent for
early spring wear. Lined Ivory Satin.
In very Small, Small, Medium,
Large and Extra Large
Sizes. Special Price 2 gns.

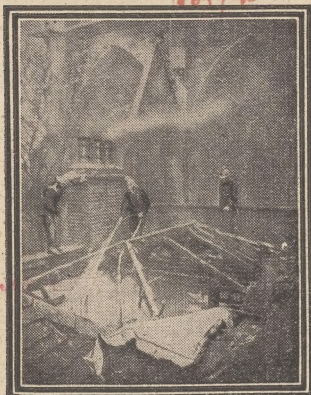
The "AYNHOE"
(Costume Dept.)

The "PEARL"
(Mantle Dept.)

Frederick Gorringe

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W. Ltd.

FIRE AT THE ABBEY.



A fire occurred in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey yesterday. Firemen are seen at work on the roof.

OIL FUEL FOR THE NAVY.



Oil is being used more and more as fuel in the British Navy. Here bluejackets are seen taking supplies on board.

"THIS IS BARBARISM": GERMAN SOCIALISTS' PROTEST.



Herr Ledebour.



Herr Liebknecht.

Wild scenes occurred in the Reichstag when two Socialist deputies, Herr Liebknecht and Herr Ledebour attacked the military authorities. "I was horrified to learn that for every German village burnt by the Russians three Russian villages would be destroyed by the Germans," said Herr Ledebour, and Herr Liebknecht interposed, shouting: "This is barbarism."

FIVE IRON CROSSES FOR AN AEROPLANE.



German aeroplane on which Iron Crosses have been painted. It was brought down by the French, who captured the machine and made prisoners of the pilot and his observer. Our Allies have quite a number of Taubes in their possession now.

BOY ARTISTS' HUMOUR.



Close friends.



Scotty.

Drawings of fungi by boys from the Cable-street School, E. They are to be seen at the Whitechapel Art Gallery's exhibition. The boys have given the fungi quaint resemblances to human beings.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

WIPING OUT FOE HIS CHIEF DUTY. Nation Bound to Help "Tommy" with Lots of Shells.

FIGHT FOR BARRICADES.

The duty before the British Army in France now is to fight, and to kill or "knock out" as many Germans as possible as quickly as possible, and with the least loss to itself.

The duty before the British nation is by every means in its power to back up and help its soldiers to do this.

In these simple but emphatic words "Eye-Witness" defines the task before the nation at the present moment.

He draws particular attention to the value and vital need of big guns and ammunition, observing that nowadays Providence is on the side of the "big batteries" rather than of the "big battalions."

Not only will victory depend, says "Eye-Witness," very largely on the action of artillery, or on the men behind the gun in the field; it will depend equally on the provision and maintenance of the artillery and its ammunition; in other words, upon the action of manufacturer and the man in the workshop at home.

For every failure to perform their share of the common task on the part of the industrial combatants the price will have to be paid by their comrades in the field—in blood; and the whole nation will suffer.

For the lack of means wherefrom to far off to blow into the air some trench or post bristling with machine-guns and barbed wire friends, or at any rate countrymen, may be mown down in swaths.

INFANTRY'S HEROIC STAND.

Describing recent fighting "Eye-Witness" says:

On the evening of Sunday, the 14th, after an extremely heavy artillery fire directed against our trenches along the eastern and south-western sectors, the Germans endeavoured to rush our line and to take St. Eloi.

This attempt succeeded so far as the latter sector was concerned, for the trenches had been blown in and were absolutely untenable.

To the east of the village, however, our infantry made a most determined stand.

Their fire was so steady and well-directed that the losses among the assailants were terrible, our men sticking to their posts till the last—in fact, till they were overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers.

The Germans then rushed the support trenches and also the mound, which they had blown up by mine, and following up their success, penetrated into the village itself.

STREETS STORMED ONE BY ONE.

Our first counter-attack took place at 2.20 a.m. on the 15th and was only partially successful, the enemy still retaining possession of St. Eloi and some broad streets of the trenches.

By another effort made nearly two hours later we succeeded in driving him completely out of the village and of the streets and all the trenches which had not been destroyed.

The fighting in St. Eloi itself was, as is usual in such cases, of the fiercest description.

On gaining the place the Germans had erected barricades across the streets, defended by machine guns, and these had to be stormed one by one, our men coming on time after time regardless of their losses until the village had been cleared of the enemy.

SPRING'S GLAD EYE FOR ALL.

Spring came in gloriously and graciously yesterday.

Spring has paid us one or two surprise visits already this year, and it was half-hearted that when March 21 arrived spring would have outworn her magic and celebrated her state entry into the calendar by frowns, bitter tears and general bad temper. But spring's smile was as fresh and as bewitching as ever, and her glad eye was for everyone.

Blue skies that were sweet to gaze upon, trees that were green-tinted with buds, and the never-fading antiphony of the birds were part of the glory of the day.

Hyde Park was a great social centre.

The church parade was a pageant of pretty women and brave men. Women proudly displayed the latest spring fashions, but looked still prouder of the fact that they were being escorted by khaki-clad patriots.

DUEL FOR LOVE OF A GIRL.

NEW YORK, March 20.—An old-fashioned duel for the love of a girl is considered the explanation of the wound now borne by Mr. Frederick H. Bain, a member of a prominent Philadelphia family, who is in hospital at Savannah.

Mr. Bain was recently jilted by Miss Edith Bryson, "the prettiest girl in the South," and has since had a fight with his successful rival. The shooting, it is stated, took place on the Savannah golf links, without seconds.

Mr. Bain's wound is serious, being between the lower rib and the right hip.

WONDER HENS.

An egg laid by a hen belonging to Mr. G. Harris, of Little Nocks, Liding, weighed 5oz. and contained a second egg with shell complete. Mrs. Sheaker, of Siltone, Derby, has a hen which has laid fourteen eggs each weighing 3½oz. and one weighing 4oz.

ALL CIRCULATION RECORDS BROKEN. Huge Figure of Over One-and-a-Half Millions Obtained by No. 2 of the "Sunday Pictorial."

Over one million five hundred thousand copies!

Such was the record making and record breaking circulation of the *Sunday Pictorial* yesterday.

Yet, huge and absolutely unprecedented as this circulation was for the second number of a new journal, scores of thousands of additional copies could have been disposed of.

"Sold out," said another Mr. quires at once—"such was the purport of hundreds of telegrams which poured into the publishing offices the greater part of yesterday."

These telegrams came from all parts of the kingdom—north, south, east and west. Industrial towns, fashionable resorts, naval and military centres—all were clamouring for more *Sunday Pictorials*.

In London the sale of the world's most popular Sunday paper was enormous.

You saw the *Sunday Pictorial* everywhere—in the parks, the clubs, the trains, the tramways, the omnibuses and in almost every public vehicle in the streets of London.

THE TRAIN COMPANION.

It was, perhaps, at the great railway termini that the demand was largest.

Here, although the orders had been immensely increased in consequence of the newspapers' experiences yesterday week, huge stacks of *Sunday Pictorials* quickly disappeared. Again and again throughout the day cyclist messengers came from the bookstalls with repeat orders.

Yet so keen was the public appetite for yesterday's issue that long before the bookstalls closed last night the final supply was exhausted.

People bought the paper early to take with them to the seaside and the country, and in many suburban trains yesterday morning almost every passenger was reading his *Sunday Pictorial*.

It was certainly an excellent number that the staff of our young contemporary produced.

STRONG HUMAN INTEREST.

The special articles by such well-known public men as Mr. Bottomley, Mr. Austin Harrison, Mr. Arnold White, and Mr. Max Pemberton would alone make No. 2 a notable production.

But there was a magnificent display of general

news, every line of which was of human interest.

Perhaps the most alluring feature of the paper was the pictorial part. Page one contained the most pathetic photographs that the world-war has yet produced.

The first represented British torpedo-boats that were saving German sailors having to leave the men to drown because German aeroplanes were dropping bombs on them.

The second showed British torpedo-boats rescuing German sailors after the sinking of a German battleship before German air bombs made them leave the men to drown.

"SURE IT IS MY BOY."

The other war pictures with their lifelike photographs of British troops in battle brought many telephonic inquiries to the offices of the *Sunday Pictorial* yesterday from mothers, wives and sweethearts as to the identity of particular men.

"I am sure it is my boy! Do tell me where he is!" was the inquiry addressed by quite a number of women over the 'phone to the art editor yesterday.

What is the true secret of the phenomenal success of this newest venture in London journalism?

The *Daily Mirror* yesterday sought an answer to this question and found one in the comment on the new Sunday picture paper made by the head of a suburban family.

JOURNAL FOR EVERYBODY.

"The *Sunday Pictorial*," he said, "is a paper that can go into the home and stay there; a paper that will not offend anyone's susceptibilities."

"I have a wife and five children—two boys and three girls—and I can bring the *Sunday Pictorial* into the house, leave it about without any qualms as to which member of the family—from the oldest to the youngest—may pick it up and scan its pages."

"The paper is clearly a paper for everybody—a man's paper, a woman's paper and the children's paper."

"I purchased No. 1 of the *Sunday Pictorial*, and to-day No. 2, and we are all agreed at home that it appeals to us all, so I have ordered it to be delivered to us regularly every Sunday morning."

DAY OF DIMPLED ELBOWS

Revival of Bare Arm Mode Makes Prospects Bright for Beauty Doctors.

Beauty doctors have a busy time before them now that the bare arms of the early Victorian styles have become again so fashionable.

The new mode, indeed, will be a boon for beauty culturists, who, since the war broke out, have had very little to do.

If one looks into old portrait albums one can see exactly in the pictures of our grandmothers the evening gowns of today, with the tight bodice and the sleeveless dress.

One reason why arms are not so beautiful as in faraway early Victorian days is that young women and girls have devoted more time to study than to such details of deportment as keeping the elbows off the tables and desks.

As a result the really beautiful elbow, all plumpness and dimples, is very rare nowadays. "Your figure is splendid in every way," *The Daily Mirror* heard one woman say to another the other day, "except for your funny little pointed elbows."

Therefore with evening dresses that leave the arms bare to the shoulder and daytime dresses that have transparent sleeves elbow culture must become a serious matter for women, even in war-time.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Fine generally, with a temperature differing but little from the normal.

BULLETS FOR CUP OF TEA

Men from Front Who "Pay" with Souvenirs for Meals at Free Buffet.

"I think I'd like a little piece of good old English cake, miss, and a cup of tea. . . . 'Mercy,' madam—which means thank you very much."

This is a typical remark of Tommy Atkins as, covered with mud from the trenches, he walks into the free refreshment buffet for soldiers and sailors at Victoria Station. Nine men out of ten cannot resist "airing" the few words of French they have learned abroad.

The buffet is one of the most interesting places in London; from six o'clock in the morning until midnight hundreds of men come on leave from the front or just going away flock through the doorways for a cup of tea or coffee and a "snack."

Cold sausages, sardines, pork pies and ham sandwiches are the soldiers' favorite foods.

One of the blue-uniformed women who are generously devoting their time to waiting on the soldiers and sailors at the buffet told *The Daily Mirror* that many of the men just home from the front insist upon paying for their refreshment "in souvenirs."

"Sometimes they make us presents of badges and buttons, while others give us pieces of shell and bullets in return for a cup of tea and a piece of cake," she said.

The buffet has been organised by the "D" Section, Detachment 110, of the British Red Cross Society. Some twenty-five women are giving their services as "cooks" and "waitresses."

LORD KITCHENER WARNS SHIRKERS.

Dockers' Refusals to Work Over-time "Must Be Stopped."

"STEPS WILL BE TAKEN."

"If this appeal has no effect I shall have to consider steps that will have to be taken to insure what is required at Liverpool being done."

These are the very plain words used by Lord Kitchener in a stern warning which he has addressed to shirkers at Liverpool Docks.

Lord Kitchener saw a parade yesterday of 1,000 troops at Liverpool.

Afterwards he expressed a desire to see the chief trade union officials, and when they had assembled the Secretary for War addressed to them a few words on the importance of the men's work being carried on without interference.

To Mr. James Sexton, secretary of the Dockers' Union, Lord Kitchener handed a letter containing this warning to dockers:—

"I am surprised that there is a section amongst the dockers of Liverpool who still refuse to work overtime during the week and on Saturday."

"I feel sure that these men can hardly realise that their action in thus congesting docks and delaying munitions of war and food required by our men at the front is having a very serious and dangerous effect and must be stopped."

"VERY SERIOUS" FOR ALL.

"I hope that this message will put things right for the future."

"At this time we look to every British man, whoever he may be, to do all in his power to help in carrying the war to a successful conclusion, and in this your men can do their share, and thus help their comrades now fighting in France." The letter concludes with the sentence quoted above.

Mr. Sexton stated later that if the present delay did not stop and the deliberate action of the men to hold up ships and refuse to fall into line with the rest of the men in Liverpool did not cease matters were going to be very serious for everybody concerned.

Manchester was crowded yesterday when Lord Kitchener, on arrival from Liverpool, reviewed 12,000 men of the Lancashire Fusiliers and the Manchester Regiment. For fifty-five minutes he watched the march-past from a dais in front of the town hall.

On his way to Lancashire yesterday afternoon Lord Kitchener alighted at Lichfield and drove to Whittington Barracks, where he saw a parade of battalions of the Manchester Regiment and Sherwood Foresters, companies of the Army Service Corps and the City of Birmingham battalions.

2,000 DOCKERS STRIKE.

Another strike has occurred at Liverpool and Birkenhead, 2,000 dockers refusing to work on Saturday night and on Sunday unless they have their wages paid in full up to the time they cease work on Saturday night.

RAN FROM BATTLE INSANE.

AMSTERDAM, March 21.—Over 300 German infantry were removed to an asylum near Aix la Chapelle shortly after the battle of Neuve Chapelle.

They remained for hours under the British artillery fire, and were driven mad by the noise and by the sight of their comrades being mown down all round them.

The number of Germans missing is unknown, but is believed to be large. Numbers ran away from the fight insane.—Exchange.

GERMANS ADVISED TO LEAVE ITALY

ROME, March 21.—German and Austrian subjects have been advised by their respective Consuls to leave Italy within the shortest possible time.

Meanwhile Germans have entered Italy under what are suspected to be false pretences, and in such large numbers that a special police service is necessary to watch them.

The police, it is said, have circumstantial evidence that they are military spies.—Reuter.

SAVED BY HIS HORSE.

A remarkable story of animal devotion is related in a letter received by Mr. Badderley, a Leicester schoolmaster, from an old scholar, a lance-corporal, at the front.

The writer says: "One of our horses is a candidate for the Victoria Cross. The troops were charging at the time, and as one rider fell from his horse wounded the animal picked him up with his mouth by his clothes and carried him away to safety, where other men of the regiment were resting."

JESUIT FINED FOR TREASON.

JOHANNESBURG, March 21.—The Court at Johannesburg has imposed a fine of £10 on the (Rohr) Jesuit, the Jesuit priest charged with treason.—Central News.



The funeral of Captain West, who for twenty-nine years was chief of the Ramsgate Fire Brigade. Contingents from the Isle of Thanet brigades and town officials were present.

TWO ZEPPELINS DROP BOMBS ON PARIS AND JUST MISS A BABY

Airmen's Midnight Battle with Raiders Above City Suburbs.

SHELLS DRIVE OFF BOTH AIRSHIPS.

One Dirigible Reported Hit by Anti-Aircraft Gunner—Searchlights Victory.

SLEEPING CHILD'S ESCAPE IN WRECKED HOUSE.

Paris has again been raided by Zeppelins, which scattered incendiary bombs haphazard on several outlying parts of the city early yesterday.

Four Zeppelins started on the raid, but only two reached the Paris suburbs.

As soon as the airships were reported Paris was plunged in darkness, and aeroplanes started off to attack the raiders.

So thorough were the plans for repulsing an airship raid that the Zeppelins were unable to reach the centre of Paris, and had to be content with dropping bombs on suburban houses.

Measuring about 2ft. in length, the bombs exploded with terrific force. One was powerful enough to wreck a factory.

Fortunately, no one was killed in the raid, and only seven or eight people were injured, not one seriously.

One of the Zeppelins, it is reported, was hit by a shell from an anti-aircraft gun. Paris regarded the attack without concern.

A German "explanation" of this deliberate warfare on a non-combatant population was given in yesterday's official report from Berlin, which says:—

"By way of reply to outrages of French airmen on the open Alsatian town of Schlestadt, some heavy bombs were dropped last night on the fortress of Paris and the railway junction at Compiegne by our airships."

BUGLE CALL WARNS PARIS OF AIR RAID.

Zeppelins Attacked by Aeroplanes and Guns in Glare of Searchlights.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, March 21.—Paris' sleep was broken last night by the attack of two Zeppelins that dropped several incendiary bombs.

We had grown accustomed to the incursions of Taubes early in the war, and no one seemed to pay much attention to them. Their visits were always made in daylight, and everybody turned out to have a good look at them.

Last night's air raid was rather more serious. At 1.30 a.m. the inhabitants in the north-western quarters of Paris were awakened by shrill alarms of the fire brigade, followed by the clear notes of warning bugles.

Everybody was awake in a few minutes, having recognised the official signals promised by the military governor of Paris in the event of a Zeppelin raid.

BOMBS LIKE BIG CARBIDS.

We had been advised that on hearing the bugle warning we should seize jewellery and other valuable possessions and take refuge in cellars.

But when I looked out of my window between half-past one and two this morning, I saw that most of my neighbours, instead of taking cover under the darkness, had lit up those of their rooms that gave on to the street and were standing at the windows or out on the balconies looking for the enemy airships.

They had not long to wait, for a couple of German dirigibles, sweeping through the clear, moonlit sky, reached the capital about two o'clock and dropped incendiary bombs, without, however, causing any fire or killing anybody.

The bombs, which were about 2ft. long and shaped like a carrot, contained a large quantity of explosives and some benzine.

As soon as the airships made their appearance anti-aircraft guns were discharged at them from the forts round the city, and powerful searchlights swept the heavens in all directions, constantly lighting up the raiding craft.

FACTORY WRECKED BY BOMB.

After advancing over Paris from the north-east the aerial pirates quickly retreated over the fashionable suburb of Neuilly and the manufacturing district of Courbevoie.

At this time one Zeppelin was about 2,500ft. up, while its companion, somewhat smaller, descended to within 500 ft. of the ground.

Two bombs were dropped on factories at Courbevoie, where night shifts were working and lights shone upward through glass roofs.

One of the factories was completely destroyed, but only one workman was injured.

The first men to see the Zeppelins on the way to Paris were Territorials guarding the railway at Compiegne, who noticed clearly the form of the dirigibles standing out black against the moonlit sky.

At the suburbs of Levallois, Perret and Anseres more bombs were dropped and several people were injured.

At three o'clock both Zeppelins had disappeared, pursued by French aeroplanes, which refrained from giving battle so long as they were over Paris, owing to the grave danger that such a contest would present for those below.

BABY ESCAPES BOMB.

PARIS, March 21.—M. Emile Laurent, Prefect of Police, has given a full account of the damage done by the Zeppelins.

Four bombs were dropped in Rue Dulong and seven in the Rue des Dames. Others fell at the St. Ouen Bell railway station and another on a house in the Place Corneille, at Levallois, a few yards outside the Paris fortifications.

A house in the Rue Buisson was entirely destroyed, the bomb crashing right through the house from roof to basement. In one room was a newly-born baby in a cradle. All the furniture was smashed, but the child was unhurt.

The general opinion is that the German airships were unable to drop bombs over Paris on account of the splendid work of the searchlights corps, who detected the airships before they crossed the city's fortifications, and also on account of the magnificent patrolling service of the airman.—Exchange.

WOMAN KILLED BY SHOCK.

PARIS, March 21.—A woman suffering from heart disease died from shock when a Zeppelin bomb fell in the Rue du Long.

The incendiary bombs contained a liquid which was apparently a mixture of phosphorus, tar and benzine.—Central News.

At Levallois, says Reuter, a bomb fell on a building in the Place Corneille, going through two ceilings and ending its career in the cellar. Two little girls were slightly wounded.

A bomb was dropped on a building near Batignolles station, made a hole a yard square in the roof and caused a fire. Not one of the tenants was hurt.

A few minutes later two more bombs exploded. The first did no damage; the other struck a block of dwellings in the Rue des Dames inhabited by 200 persons. The roof was penetrated, but no one was hurt.

FOUR ZEPPELINS STARTED

PARIS, March 21.—The official announcement regarding last night's visit by Zeppelins is as follows:—

Between 1.15 and 3 a.m. four Zeppelins started for Paris, coming from the direction of Compiegne and following the valley of the Oise.

Two of them were compelled to turn back before reaching Paris.

The two others were attacked by anti-aircraft guns and only passed over the outlying districts of the north-west of Paris and the neighbouring suburban districts.

They withdrew after having dropped a dozen bombs. The damage to property was of little importance. Seven or eight persons were struck, only one being seriously injured.

Various anti-aircraft posts opened fire on the Zeppelins, which were lit up by searchlights. One of them appears to have been hit.

Aeroplane squadrons took part in the action, but mist hampered them.

To sum up, the Zeppelin raid on Paris was a complete failure.

On their way back the Zeppelins dropped a dozen incendiary or explosive bombs on Compiegne, which only did a little unimportant damage. Two other bombs were dropped on Ribecourt and Dreslincourt to the north of Compiegne without any result.

NOTHING TO REPORT.

PARIS, March 21.—The following official communication was issued in Paris this afternoon:—

"Since the communiqué last evening there has been no change to report in the situation."—Exchange.

BRITISH SHIP TORPEDOED OFF BEACHY HEAD.

Patrol Ships and Lifeboats Rescue Crew of Sinking Collier.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

EASTBOURNE, March 21.—Crowds on the parades and cliffs here watched the sinking this afternoon of the Cairntort (3,600 tons), of Newcastle, which was torpedoed by a German submarine. The vessel, laden with 8,000 tons of coal for Genoa, was torpedoed just after three o'clock seven or eight miles off Beachy Head, and sank three hours later.

The report of the explosion was heard on shore and brought big crowds on to the front. The ship, from which a cloud of smoke rose at the moment of the explosion, could be seen until it began to settle down. From Beachy Head the crew could be seen taking to the boats directly after the ship was struck.

About an hour later two patrol boats came on the scene and tried to tow the stricken vessel into port. Finding this impossible, they stood by the ship till she sank.

FOUR SAVED IN DESTROYER.

The Cairntort's crew of thirty-four, including several Greeks and Lascars, were all saved. Thirty were brought ashore by the Eastbourne and Newhaven lifeboats. The other four—boys between sixteen and eighteen—were landed at Northhaven late in the afternoon.

One of the crew stated that just before the explosion he noticed the periscope of a submarine, and a moment later the track of a torpedo. The helm was put hard over, but the vessel was struck amidships on the port side.

HUNT BY 12 DESTROYERS.

An exciting search for the German submarine which is supposed to have sunk the Cairntort took place yesterday afternoon.

About three o'clock a torpedo-boat on patrol hurried up from the direction of Dover. On seeing at something which she had apparently seen on the surface of the water a short distance away.

At full speed she circled round the spot where the shells had fallen. She had apparently previously sent out a wireless call, as some ten minutes later three destroyers came racing in from a south-easterly direction, while a little later eight further destroyers came hurrying up from the direction of Dover.

All the twelve vessels, together with an Admiralty guard ship, made a diligent and systematic search of the Downs for fully an hour. The spot where the hostile craft was supposed to have been seen was only about one mile from the shore, and she is believed to be now lurking in shallow water.

HOW RUSSIANS CAPTURED GERMAN BALTIC PORT.

People Fire at Troops from Windows and from Behind Barricades.

Our shells put an end to the resistance of the enemy and the town was evacuated. The inhabitants fleeing towards Koenigsberg along the narrow neck of land which separates the Kurische Hoff from the Baltic Sea.—Reuter.

PETROGRAD, March 21.—The following communiqué is issued here:—

Our troops reached Memel (the German port on the Baltic) on Thursday evening, after crossing the frontier near Gorchy and beating the German forces, capturing some machine guns and motor-cars laden with stores.

Memel was defended by two regiments of the Landsturm, which, after being driven back, mingled with the population. When our troops entered the town at 8 p.m. they were received with fire from the houses and from behind barricades.

Our shells put an end to the resistance of the enemy and the town was evacuated. The inhabitants fleeing towards Koenigsberg along the narrow neck of land which separates the Kurische Hoff from the Baltic Sea.—Reuter.

WIPING OUT ENEMY 'TOMMY'S' ONLY DUTY.

Nation Bound to Help Him on to Victory with "Big Batteries" and Lots of Shells.

FIGHT FOR BARRICADES.

The duty before the British Army in France now is to fight, and to kill or "knock out" as many Germans as possible as quickly as possible, and with the least loss to itself.

The duty before the British nation is by every means in its power to back up and help its soldiers to do this.

In these simple but emphatic words "Eye-Witness" defines the task before the nation at the present moment.

He draws particular attention to the value and vital need of big guns and ammunition, observing that nowadays Providence is on the side of the "big batteries" rather than of the "big battalions."

Not only will victory depend, says "Eye-Witness," very largely on the action of artillery, or on the man behind the gun in the field; it will depend equally on the provision and maintenance of the artillery and its ammunition; in other words, upon the action of manufacturer and the man in the workshop at home.

For every failure to perform their share of the common task on the part of the industrial combatants the price will have to be paid by their comrades in the field—in blood; and the whole nation will suffer.

For the lack of means wherewith from afar to blow in the air some trench or post bristling with machine-guns and barbed wire friends, or at any rate countrymen, may be mown down in swathes.

INFANTRY'S HEROIC STAND

Describing recent fighting "Eye-Witness" says:—

On the evening of Sunday, the 14th, after an extremely heavy artillery fire directed against our trenches along the eastern and south-western sectors, the Germans endeavoured to rush our line at St. Eloi.

This attempt succeeded so far as the latter sector was concerned, for the trenches had been blown in and were absolutely untenable.

To the east of the village, however, our infantry made a most determined stand. Their fire was so steady and well-directed that the losses among the assailants were terrible, our men sticking to their posts till the last—

In fact, till they were overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers.

The Germans then rushed the support trenches and also the mound, which they had blown up by a mine, and following up their success penetrated into the village itself.

STREET STORMED ONE BY ONE. They were, however, not allowed to remain long in undisputed possession of it.

Our first counter-attack took place at 2.30 a.m. on the 15th and was only partially successful, the enemy still retaining possession of St. Eloi and some broad acres.

By another effort made nearly two hours later we succeeded in driving him completely out of the village and of the trenches and the trenches which had not been destroyed.

The mound, however, still remained in the hands of the Germans, though it has been subjected to so heavy a fire that little use can be made of it.

The fighting in St. Eloi itself was, as is usual in such cases, of the fiercest description.

On gaining the place the Germans had erected barricades across the streets, defended by machine guns, and these had to be stormed one by one, our men coming on time after time regardless of their losses until the village had been cleared of the enemy.

During the day of the 15th they made a last effort to recover the ground by assault. Presumably it was not intended to be more than a forlorn hope, for not more than 200 men took part in it.

Few can have escaped scot free, since a comparatively large number of bodies were afterwards counted in front of our trenches.

EAGER FOR CHARGE.

In spite of the generally monotonous character of the present stage of the war, there have been some dramatic moments.

One such moment immediately preceded the attack on Neuve Chapelle on the 10th, when our infantry, waiting to assault, were watching the bombardment.

They could see our shells bursting in the thick veil of smoke and dust which hung over the German trenches, and as the mine exploded, our artillery fire grew hotter and hotter, and the time grew nearer for them to rush forward, their excitement rose to fever pitch.

In some places they were seen to jump up on the parapets brandishing their rifles towards the German and shouting remarks which were drowned in the roar of the guns.

It is noteworthy that the enemy's wounded had to thank our men for many acts of kindness, even in the excitement of the assault. In one case one of our soldiers finding a wounded Prussian officer who had had his arm blown off by a shell carried him to a place of safety under a heavy fire.



Lady French, wife of Field-Marshal Sir John French, leaving Wandsworth Town Hall after distributing the prizes at the South-West London Musical Festival. With her is the mayor of the borough.

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The Illustrated London News

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Just recently we opened a New Department for Popular-Priced Headwear, and in this section the offers will be found particularly attractive. The sketches below represent a few typical examples.



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EXCLUSIVE HAT in soft Tegal, trimmed ribbon velvet & clusters of flowers. **15/-**
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CHARMING NEW SAILOR, made in silk with under-brim in straw of contrasting colour, trimmed quill and tie bow of ribbon. Available in White Underlined Black, Black Underlined White, Navy Underlined White 15/- or Tuscan, and Nigger Underlined Tuscan.



C 203

BECOMING SAILOR in soft Tegal Straw, trimmed wreath of mixed flowers, tied with ribbon bow of contrasting colour. In Black, 20/- White, Navy, Burnt and Squirrel Grey.



C 204.

NEW FRENCH SAILOR with crown and brim of Tegal, side band and underlining of soft silk in contrasting colour, trimmed cabochon of flowers. In all good colours and Black 20/- and White ...



B 101

NEW OVAL MUSHROOM HAT in Satin with lace edging, trimmed reversible floral ribbon with ends, finished with bouquet of small flowers. **25/-**
In Black or Navy.



B 102.

DAINTY "NICHE" HAT in Acrophane with straw edge, trimmed pretty French flowers and ribbon bow and ends to finish. **25/-**

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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, MARCH 22, 1915.

WHAT THE ANIMALS THINK.

WE HAVE BEEN so closely occupied with men for the past eight months, and with men's secular-task of destroying one another, that hardly any of us have had time to question the animals, as perhaps Aristophanes would have done, and to ask them what they have to say about the situation as a whole. Narrowly neutral in regard to ourselves, these creatures of earth, sea and air are constantly engaged, as we are, in putting one another out of it. We conceive, then, that without judging it necessary to reproach us when the war began, they must immediately have mobilised after their own manner, for protective purposes. Those who could, at the first gunshot got out of the way. Those who could not get out of the way, got killed, and were in this assimilated to the trodden fields, the devastated trees, the bruised face of the countryside, in Belgium and in France.

The preliminary mobilisation was ineffective, because, as we know, the animals are not sufficiently agreed amongst themselves. Cat and bird cannot make such alliances as that, say, between Germany and the Turk. Time has now passed, however, and the months have given the floating, furred or feathered tribes an opportunity of adapting themselves to the new situation, as they view it from above or from below. From above, the birds of prey profit; but the smaller birds (we hear from those helped with the great fairy-tale gift of recognising their speech) are suffering sadly from the crisis; some of them in the way sheep might be by a passage of arms across grazing country, others by the interruption of all ordinarily accessible lines of communication in the air. There is rumour that the roads for migration overhead are tremulous with vibrations unheard of, and that the swift impulse that leads the swallows here and away again, through air once called free, is being thwarted, and that we shall receive this spring in fewer numbers: it may be in the plight of refugees. Who cares? Birds are but birds, men men; and few now have time to look overhead, even for the purpose of bringing down a lark. They have no guns, these ephemerals, and cannot combine against us! They watch us at the ancient slaughter and think: "If we now could but get together, what a chance for us of putting an end to this nuisance man once for all!"

Meanwhile, in England, the birds at least are not greatly disturbed; any more than the sheep; or the cats, placidly selfish. Therefore it does one good to hear the shrill voices in the morning, far-soaring physically above our torment. It does one good to look at the plump cat utterly unaware that there's any trouble on. The only four-legged thing one cannot thus get comfort from is the horse. He smites our conscience. We have dragged him out of his natural neutrality and made him bleed and suffer and perish with the rest. . . . W. M.

THE CHILD OF NATURE.

Dear Child of Nature, let them rail!
—There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbour and a hold,
Where thou, a Wife and Friend, shalt see
Thy own heart-stirring days, and be
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd boy,
And treading among flowers of joy
Which at no season fade,
Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,
Shalt show us how to live as things
A Woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee, when grey hairs are nigh,
A melancholy slave;
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave. —WORDSWORTH.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

SAILOR SUITS AND KHAKI.

YOU MUST agree that for many years the favourite suit for a child has been the "sailor suit," which has been adopted by royalty. No objection has ever been made to that. Why, therefore, should parents be stopped from the so-called "abuse" of dressing their child in the uniform of the day—khaki?

AN OLD SOLDIER.

WINDOWS UP OR DOWN?

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most fruitful sources of coughs and "colds" is the heating of rooms by means of steam, gas, or hot air. In such cases the same air is breathed again

they catch cold so very easily. My own health is very far from what it should be." I feel inclined to say: "Rubbish! Open your doors and windows. Let into your rooms (and keep there) a bountiful supply of heavenly oxygen, and your indigestions and affected hearts will soon disappear." P. E. T.

RELATING to the recent discussion on this subject in your paper, I can only say that I think "the open-air fiend" the most selfish person on earth.

For instance, the other day my husband and I, being much run down, managed to get away for a week to the sea. On our return journey, feeling fit and well again, we were unfortunate enough to travel with a lady who occupied the

CHANGES BROUGHT BY THE WAR.—No. 3.



One unpleasant break in the monotony of life might, after all, be the employment of women in the positions here shown. But they would have to be the right sort of women.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

and again, and becomes, in consequence, literally loaded with disease germs. Especially so is this in crowded places such as theatres, picture palaces and offices.

The good old-fashioned fireplace is the best, for besides being cozier and more cheerful it has this decided and overwhelming advantage—that it draws all the impure air up the chimney. Men who live in pure air seldom if ever have "colds," provided, of course, they take proper care of themselves in other ways as well.

WALTER CARTER.

THANK YOU, "Veritas"! Would that your "conversion" might set others to think, and so to follow your good example! Unfortunately, the vitiated air of stuffy rooms is not visible like the impurities in a glass of dirty water, and so is not believed in. How people can be willing to inhale so freely the air breathed out from their own and other people's lungs is a mystery!

It is absolutely revolting to think of the close, stuffy rooms where a whole family spend hours in which one could almost cut with a knife. From the mother one hears something like the following: "My girls are not at all strong; they have very poor appetites, and yet they suffer terribly from indigestion, and

window seat, and who apparently craved to sit in a draught.

The result was a bad sore throat on my part, which developed into a heavy cold, thus doing away with all the benefit derived from a hard-earned holiday, while my husband was rendered nearly crazy for three days afterwards by a fit of raging neuralgia.

Apart from colds, are these good people who swear by open windows in the winter immune from such evils as neuralgia?

On one or two occasions when coming home by train from the dentist's, and suffering agonies of faceache, I have asked my fellow-traveller if she objected to the window being closed, explaining the reason as I did so, and consent was given in so acid a manner and so grudgingly that I almost wished I had remained silent.

E. M. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is the hardships and troubles and sorrows of life that draw us nearest to one another, offer a field for our sympathy, cement and sanctify our friendships, melt our hearts into kindly feeling for our neighbours, and, in our own hour of darkness, bring us nearest to the love and compassion of God.—C. J. Perry.

AFTER THE WAR.

Problems of Births and Marriages When the Casualty Lists are Counted.

MORE BIRTHS OR FEWER?

THOSE who look for a great number of marriages after the war have in mind no doubt the need to replenish the male population for future wars.

This is the old blackly pessimistic doctrine that insists upon the need for over-population in order to provide "cannon fodder" for the future. If it really be true, then indeed our hopes are in vain. Would it not be better, however, to insist that first of all the returned men of the new armies and all the wounded men have work found for them? There will be a grave economic strain and crisis after this war.

T. R. E.
Hampstead, N.W.

AFTER THE WAR.

MARRIAGE is not too expensive for us in war time—nor ought it to be so after the war. The war simply means that we shall have all to live more quietly and simply. If we want to replace the valuable lives lost, we must sacrifice our comforts to that end. We must prefer marriage and healthy children to the self-indulgent life. This will be the part of patriotism in those who survive this war. P. W. Putney.

PARENTS, HUSBAND, CHILDREN.

READING letters such as those which are written by "Unmarried" and "Another Celibate" only makes one feel sorry that the parents of these people did not have the same brilliant notions as they have!

The world can well spare those who reproach it because it is the Law of Nature to propagate mankind.

I am in the happy position of having tested every variety of human love—love for parents, husband, and children, and I can only say that each is distinct.

Two of my sonnies are in the scouts, for I hope to make men of them, fit parents for a future generation—not grumbling, selfish fanatics! G. S.

INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION IN NUMBERS.

IF we give up having families here the Russians won't, the Germans won't, either. So we must compete with them, and with them help to replenish the world's manpower.

Is not this a pretty clear issue?

STATISTICIAN.

Fetter-lane, E.C.

THE MYSTERY OF PAIN.

"ANOTHER CELEBATE" who expatiates on what we all know as the mystery of suffering, must take heart of grace. He will remember that gold is refined by fire, diamonds by being precious on the apparently merciless wheel. "By the Cross to the Light" solves your correspondent's problem. It has been my privilege to see a letter from a R.C. chaplain at the front in which, before a recent severe action, gave Holy Communion to many young "Tommyes." The refinement of death and sorrow had idealised all these faces.

FIDES.

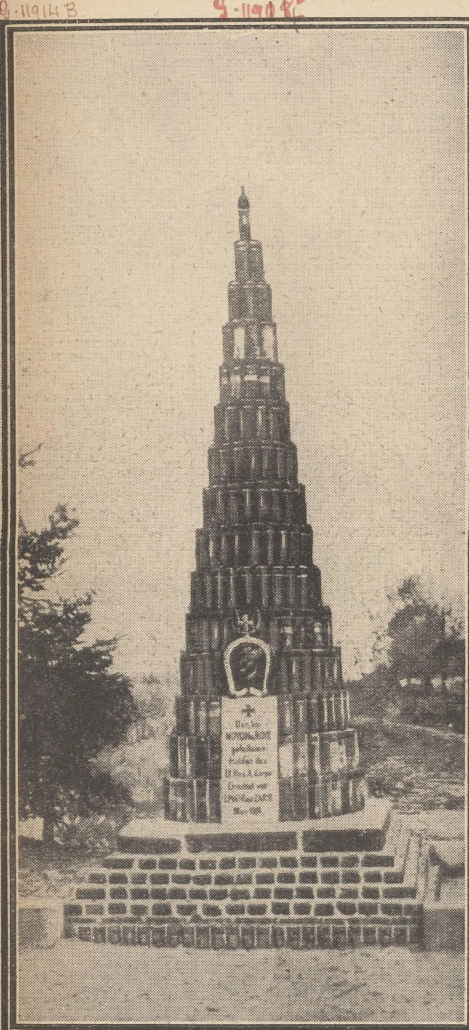
IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 21.—Now that roses and sweet peas are so popular, the beautiful carnations are apt to be neglected. They generally do our well in town gardens and they flourish by the sea. Plants set out last autumn should now be looked over; the beds must be carefully stirred and some rich soil added.

Planting should be completed without delay, but fine weather must be chosen for the work. Let the ground be well dug and plenty of lime and soot ought to be worked into the soil. In gardens where many varieties of carnations are planted, seedlings should be tried, as these are stronger in growth, and although some flowers may turn out to be single, masses of blossoms are produced that are always useful for cutting.

E. F. T.

MONUMENT OF SHELLS.



Near Avricourt the Germans have erected a remarkable monument, which is shown in this picture. It is composed entirely of French shells.

"IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?"



Mr. Alfred Praga engaged on a new portrait of Father Bernard Vaughan. The sub-title, "Is it nothing to you?" was specially chosen by the famous preacher.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

STAFF CHIEF.



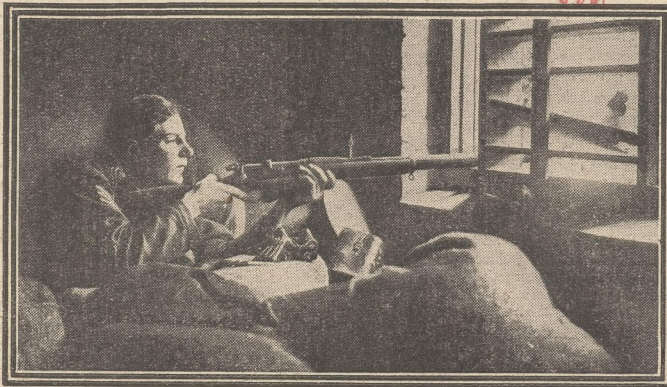
Major-General Sir William R. Robertson, who has been appointed Chief of the General Staff, in the place of Major-General Sir A. J. Murray.—(Elliott and Fry.)

THE FRENCH CAPTURE THE



Ruins of the now famous Ferryman's House in Flanders. It was occupied by the Germans, who turned it into a miniature fort. Machine guns were mounted both upstairs and downstairs, and a sentry could

SNIPING THROUGH A WINDOW.



British sniper firing through the window of a house "somewhere in France." He is carefully concealed from view. The British snipers are deadly shots, and have greatly harassed the enemy.

DEATH OF



Cardinal Antony Curred at Rome. Cardinal Bishop of A

ON ROLL OF HONOUR.



Captain Harry R. S. Pulman, who was killed in the battle at Neuve Chapelle. He was on the Westminster City Council, and was a prominent member of the Territorials.

COSSACKS PUT TO FLIGHT



Drawing from a Berlin illustrated paper which represents German motor-boats firing on a party of Cossacks. The Russian cavalry, we told, were put to flight, although the artist shows them on the b

AMOUS FERRYMAN'S HOUSE



be seen at the window at all hours of the day. But the French crossed the little bridge, which neither side wanted to destroy, and captured the house at the point of the bayonet. It was a brilliant feat of arms.

LIEUT. 'J. W. H. T.'

P. 424c

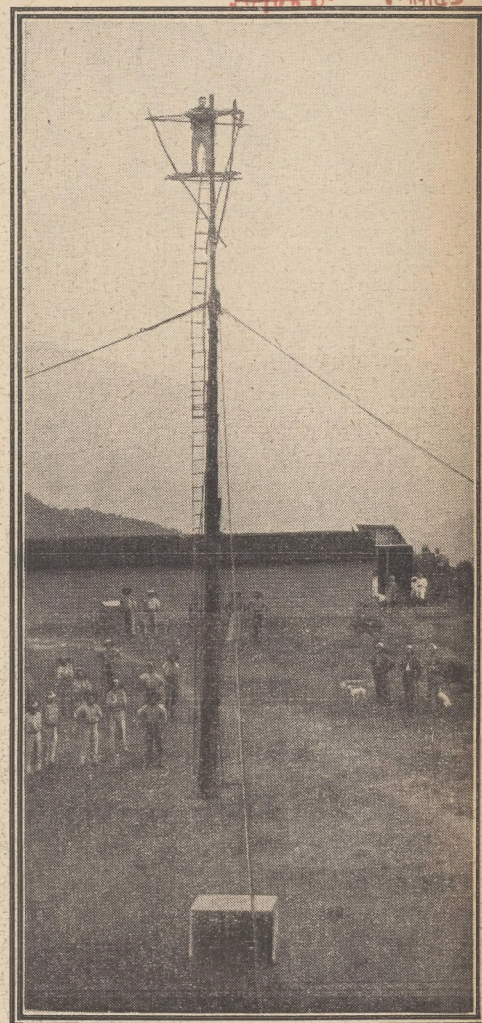


Lieutenant J. W. H. T. Douglas, the famous cricketer, acting as linesman at Saturday's football match between the Corinthians and the Aldershot Command.

A MATTER OF MINUTES.

9.11907-B

9.11914.3



This is a lookout erected by the Royal Engineers. It is run up in the course of a few minutes, as it is only composed of poles and ropes.

CARDINAL.

P. 15697



whose death occurred. He was Car-was born in 1832.

HINDENBURG'S MEN IN POLAND.

9.423 B



German lancers on the move in Poland: They have a tough task before them, as the Russians are fighting better than ever just now, and the enemy are compelled to admit that the Grand Duke is pressing forward.

HE ARTIST'S IMAGINATION.

9.11914.8



ing at the boats with their carbines. They may have been put to flight sequentially, but it would have been more dramatic if he had drawn a spurting their horses and riding away at a gallop.

DUKE'S SON KILLED.

P. 17134



Lieutenant Roderick de Stacpoole, R.F.A., who was also killed at Neuve Chapelle. He was the youngest son of the Duc de Stacpoole. His brother was killed on the Aisne.

FLOODS IN THE WAR AREA.

9.331 F



There have been floods in certain districts within the fighting area in France, and the picture shows British soldiers wading along a roadway with forage for the horses.

Pontings

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WE are now offering in every department unprecedented attractions in readiness for the holiday season. Dainty Millinery, up-to-date Coats and Costumes, tasteful Blouse Wear, serviceable Boots and Shoes. Everything required is here for one's personal renovation—in the Latest Fashions—at very tempting prices. We invite a visit at your early convenience.

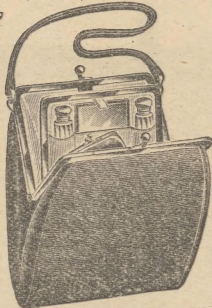
Great Sale of FRENCH HANDBAGS

£2,000 worth just arrived from Paris—the stocks of several manufacturers sacrificed owing to the war. These French Bags in Leather, Real Suede, Black Moire and Silk, with Real Silver Fittings, many worth from 50 to 100 frs., will be sold at four prices, viz., 4/-, 5/-, 10/- and 15/- each.

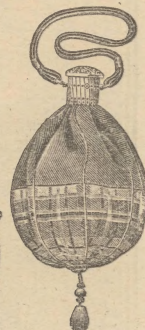
Some examples are here shown.



REAL CRUSHED MOROCCO BAG with inside frame lined with White Kid, fitted with Mirror and small Powder Puff in case. Size 6 by 5 ins. Colours: Black and Dark Green. Best French make. Sale Price 5/- each.



SMART FRENCH BLACK MOIRE BAG. Gift frame with inside division fully fitted with two bottles, Mirror and Moire Purse to match. Post free. 4/- Price complete. Also a quantity of the same Bag unfitted, with inside frame lined with White Kid. Size 6 1/2 by 4 1/2 ins. Sale Price 4/- by 4 ins.



VERY HANDSOME FRENCH BAG, with Frames alligree top, and Mirror inside. Gold and Old Silver. The Bag is made of the very best Black antique Moire, also a quantity in real Tan Suede within and without. Tartan Silk bottom, lined Silk with Side Pocket. Length of Bag 10 ins. Paris Price 25 to 35 frs. 10/- All one Price.

Values in SILKS & FABRICS.

Vast Display on Ground Floor.

FRENCH PLAID POLONAISE, suitable for coat linings, &c., 20in. wide. Usualy 1/11. Special Price 9/4d.

CREPE CHINOIS, Ivory grounds, fancy floral effect, 40in. wide. Usualy 2/11. Special Price 1/11 1/2

BROCHE SILK CREPON, good range of colours, 40in. wide. Usualy 3/11. Special Price 1/11 1/2

LYONS FOULARDS, Navy and Black, with white spots, 40in. wide. Usualy 3/11. Special Price 2/11 1/2

BROCHE CREPE DE CHINE, Black only, handsome design, 40 1/2 wide. Usualy 7/11. Special Price 4/11

DUCHESSE MOUSSELINE SATIN, in Black and most colours. 30in. wide. Usualy 3/11. Special Price 2/11 1/2

FRENCH SEDAN CLOTH, in Navy only. 52in. wide. Usualy 4/11. Special Price 2/11 1/2

FANCY PRINTED VOILES, Navy ground with coloured flowers. 20ins. wide. Usualy 1/2. Special Price 9/4d.

BRITISH WOOLBACK WASHING SATINS very best quality. In Ivory, Pink, Saxe and Navy. 40in. wide. Usualy 2/11. Special Price 2/6

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SATIN ORION, a very bright Oriental Satin in Black, Ivory and all shades. 40in. wide. Usualy 3/11. Special Price 2/11 1/2

COILED SHANTUNG SILK, heavy quality in Natural Shade. 32in. wide. Usualy 3/11. Special Price 2/6 1/2

IMITATION DONEGAL TWEEDS, 60in. wide. Usualy 2/11. Special Price 1/11 1/2

RAINPROOF GAB SUTTINGS in shades of Khaki, Mole and Fawn. 60in. wide. Usualy 6/11. Special Price 4/11

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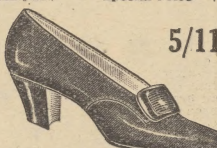
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Both Useful and Low Priced.



M. 220—GLACE KID ONE BAR SHOE. Cuban heel. In all sizes and 4 sizes. Usualy 8/11. Special Price 5/11



M. 251—FINE GLACE KID WALKING COURT SHOE. Black Buckle. Perfect fitting. Usual price 8/11. Special Price 5/11

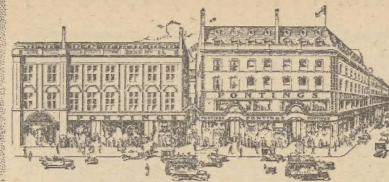


M. 232—Our Popular BLACK SUEDE 'VAN DYKE' SHOE. Also in Glace Kid. Special Price 10/9

VERY SMART SUIT in fine Gabardine Cloth. Short Coat with full basque. Wide Skirt gathered into strain at back. Colours: Purple, Cerise, Light and Dark Saxe, Bleu, Light and Dark Brown. Special Price 29/6

NEW MODEL in very fine Gabardine Cloth, fluted basque to short coat, which is lined silk to waist. Smart Cinch Skirt on pointed yoke from hips. In Navy, Fawn and Saxe. Special Price 69/6

NEW COAT in Covert Cloth with full basque Skirt and deep Raglan sleeves, in various shades. Special Price 18/11



MILLINERY for EASTER

Special Display.

WE are now showing some thousands of dainty Spring Hats, many of them reproductions of expensive models from Paris. A popular attraction will undoubtedly be the great and astonishingly varied collection of hats at only 12/9, at which price especially our value is famous. In other styles, too, the prices are in favour of our visitors.



A VERY ATTRACTIVE MODEL, made in Corded Silk, underbrim lined Tassel. Trimmed fine lace Veil, finished with two headed rines. Colours: White, Black and White, and Black. Special Price 12/9



M. 22—Becoming Ivory Japanese Silk BLOUSE with pretty shawl Collar which can be turned outside coat, tucked on either side of small Vest. Sizes 13 to 14 1/2. Special Price 4/11 1/2



M. 24—Smart Striped Voile SHIRT, Vest and Collar in White Voile, excellent cut and finish. Colours: Saxe and White, Navy and White, Black and White, Amethyst and White. Sizes 13 to 14 1/2. Special Price 4/11 1/2



LACE COAT, Fashionable Black Lace Coat, trimmed wide Glace Silk Waistband & Model Collar. Newest model. Special Price 12/9

LATEST FASHIONS TEMPTING PRICES



Useful MOIRETTE UNDER-SKIRT, correct style for present wear. In Black and White or Tartan colourings. Special Price 3/11 1/2



No. 11 M—Real Irish DONEGAL HANDLOOM TWEED SUITS, coat lined. In smart natural shades, fully cut and tailor built. Also has Corset Skirt. Ideal for present and Spring wear. For girls 14 to 17 years. Usualy sold 42/- Special Price 29/11

The vogue of the moment for young girls to show their patriotism. The "JACK TAR" SUIT, in good quality Navy Coasting Serge, smartly trimmed Collar and Nautical Knot. Sizes—30 34 32 30 28 26 24 Usualy 21/- 20/- 19/- 18/- 17/- 16/- 15/- Special Prices 14/6 13/6 8/6 12/6 11/6 10/6 9/6 and Regulation Sailor Caps, in Navy, 2/6. Quote size round head when ordering.

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Kensington High Street, London, W.
Adjoining Kensington High Street Station.
Easily accessible from everywhere.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"



New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into her society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is dozing in his club-room. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he badly wants rousing of himself.

Just lately his lazy serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham.

His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. From where he sits low down in a wicker chair, Richard Chatterton cannot be seen. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague. "Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying.

"Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not looking up to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an heiress with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him. . . . He doesn't care two straws about her—it's only the money he's after. . . . After a few more words they go out."

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He is shaken by a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty remark in a curious way. The only question she asks is for the latest news of the war. The joy happiness with which she used to greet him has passed and she now wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money. There is a little scene between them.

Ruffled and very angry, Richard leaves the house. He thinks of Montague; he will have it out with him. But Montague's not in, and Richard sits down to wait.

While he is waiting the telephone rings. To his astonishment he hears Sonia speaking. "Francis," she says, "I'm going to do what you ask me. I saw Richard to-day, and I can't marry him. Be at the Franklins' dance to-night. I'll come away with you and marry you as you like."

Subsequently Sonia "moves" that was Richard who had received the message. But when he comes to her, sick at heart and realising what he is losing, Sonia, believing Montague's insinuations about him, breaks off her engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard is dressed in khaki! The latter explains that he is off to the front for active service and that he is off to the front as soon as possible. Old Jardine is made to give his word that he will say nothing.

When walking one day Montague suddenly sees Chatterton in khaki. When he sees Sonia later he not only keeps it to himself, but lies and says that Richard has gone to America. Sonia becomes engaged to Montague.

Individually old Jardine lets out to Lady Merriam that Richard has enlisted. They go down to Burvale, where Jardine hears that Chatterton's battalion is off to the front. The day they return to town Sonia meets a nurse and a man at the muffled up in a taxicab. The man turns his head and looks at her—it is Richard Chatterton.

Sonia pretends to take no notice, but she is very much upset. Old Jardine finds Chatterton in a private hospital. He says he was wounded straight away in the first attack and badly. He, too, is upset about Sonia, and, knowing that she is going to a concert, he waits outside to see her come out. Suddenly, Chatterton and Montague swoop on her; their eyes meet with dramatic intensity.

MONTAGUE SEES SOMETHING.

FOR a moment Montague stood still, his jaw dropped; he broke off in the middle of something he was saying to Sonia; he could not force his eyes away from the steely fury in Richard Chatterton's eyes; a feeling of cold apprehension ran down his spine.

If Sonia saw him—in uniform—with his arm in a sling!

For the moment he completely lost his head; his hand tightened almost convulsively on Sonia's arm; she looked most startled.

"Francis—what is it?"

The grip of his fingers bruised her arm beneath the thin cloak she wore; she winced, shrinking a step from him. He, too, is upset about Sonia, and, knowing that she is going to a concert, he waits outside to see her come out. Suddenly, Chatterton and Montague swoop on her; their eyes meet with dramatic intensity.

Montague sat opposite her, beside old Jardine; he stood looking pale and agitated; he glanced apprehensively through the window from time to time till the crowd of vehicles cleared and they were free to move forward. He had had a bad fright; he would not have been in the least surprised if Chatterton had attempted to make a scene; the look of enraged fury in the eyes of his one-time friend had frightened him badly.

Sonia was looking at him curiously.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"What is the matter?" she asked suddenly. "Did you see someone in the crowd you wanted to get away from? You quite bruised my arm, you gripped it so tightly."

"I didn't see anyone," The words came quickly enough in reply, but they did not ring quite true. He wiped his brow furtively and let down the window of the car with a little run, turning his face to the cool night air.

Lady Merriam was chattering away to old Jardine; she had thoroughly enjoyed herself, though she had been more interested in the large and fashionable audience than in the entertainment itself.

"Did you see Lady Sarat there? Heavens, how that woman has gone off! And to wear a purple frock, too, with her complexion! Some people have no taste. Sonia, did you see her? She had that conceited little niece of hers with her and that handsome young Anderson from the Buffs. I suppose they're angling for him."

I quite expect to hear of another rushed wedding about two minutes before his regiment's ordered abroad. What a world we live in!"

Sonia hardly listened; she was still watching Montague.

There was something about him that puzzled her and made her feel suspicious. One might almost have imagined him to be heavily in debt and afraid of meeting creditors at every turn.

But, of course, it could not be that. Every body knew that he was a rich man. Then what had caused that sudden stunned look of fear in his eyes? What had made him grip her arm? Her soft flesh tingled still with his roughness.

Once, meeting her eyes, he tried to rouse himself, but he could not shake off the shock the sight of Chatterton had given him.

But, of course, it could not be that. Every body knew that he was a rich man. Then what had caused that sudden stunned look of fear in his eyes? What had made him grip her arm? Her soft flesh tingled still with his roughness.

Just as they reached the hotel he leaned over and touched Sonia's hand. "May I speak to you—alone—just for a moment?" She looked surprised.

"I thought you were coming in to supper with us," said old Lady Merriam. "You . . ."

He moved his head impatiently. "I know,—but I want to speak to you alone . . . first. She drew her hand away."

"We have a private sitting-room."

But Lady Merriam successfully prevented any tête-à-tête; and Montague drove home alone at midnight, fuming.

He must make Sonia marry him, and at once; but how?

Each hour of delay added to his danger; at any moment she might come face to face with Richard—Richard, picturesque and handsome with his wounded arm. . . . Montague gritted his teeth.

He sat up half the night plotting and planning, but with the morning light none of his ideas of forcing her hand seemed in the least practicable; he was in very real distress; with all his faults he loved her well.

In the end a freak of fortune set his feet on the right path. He had arranged to call and take Sonia out in the morning; he left his rooms early, driven by restlessness, and walked across the park.

It was a fine, fresh morning, and already quite a number of people were about. Montague strove off the main path; he was not in the mood to exchange platitudes with people for whom he cared nothing; he walked across the grass, under the bare trees, and as he rounded a clump of shrubbery he saw a man in khaki and a girl in nurse's uniform strolling slowly along in front of him.

The man was tall, and his arm was in a sling.

Montague knew who it was before he caught a glimpse of his face, and he stood quite still, his eyes flashing from sombreness to quick eagerness.

The girl was looking up at Chatterton; her pretty laugh floated backwards through the morning air; Chatterton laughed, too, bending a little towards her.

Montague waited to see no more; he turned on his heel and swung round, walking rapidly away in the other direction.

But he had seen enough; quite enough to magnify it a little without condescending to a nurse. He would make a pretty story to tell to Sonia, a fine lever with which to further his own wishes and desires.

He bought a magnificent bunch of violets on his way to the hotel, and, unconscious of the fact, that they more vividly recalled Richard Chatterton to Sonia than any other gift could have done; they were expensive, and that was all that mattered to his way of thinking. He believed that a woman liked expensive gifts.

Sonia was ready for walking when he reached the hotel; she wore a long coat with rather a military cut about it, in a fine covert coating that excluded her fair hair, and a small, close-fitting hat with white flowers round the narrow brim. She offered no resistance when Montague scooped and kissed her; her lips even faintly returned the caress.

He laid the violets in her lap. "I thought you would like them," he said. "I heard you say once that they were your favourite flowers."

Sonia lifted the expensive flowers and laid them gently on the table; she could not bear to look at them; their glorious scent rose to her head and turned her giddy with memories.

"You are very kind," she said. "Shall we go out? I am quite ready, and it's such a fine morning."

"In a moment," He glanced towards the

door, but the servant who had shown him up to Lady Merriam's private room had discreetly shut it behind him. He took Sonia's hands, drawing her to her feet before he encircled her with his arms.

"Sonia, when will you marry me?" There was nothing impatient in his voice. It sounded almost humble; the voice of a man who, knowing himself utterly unworthy, yet dares to sue for favours.

"I know I'm not nearly good enough for you, but . . . Oh, my darling, if you knew how much I love you."

SONIA GIVES WAY.

IN spite of herself Sonia was touched. She had not seen him in this mood so long. The thought came to her at that moment that, after all, it would mean a great deal to have an adoring husband. She remembered having heard Lady Merriam often say that the happiest marriages were those in which the greater love was on the side of the man. But, all the same, she turned her face away from the ardent gaze of his eyes. It was an unkind freak of fate that led her eyes to rest on the exquisite bunch of violets on the table.

Just such violets grew in the long frames down at Burvale; just such violets Richard Chatterton had often sent her. Why had Montague chosen them of all the many flowers he might have brought instead?

The old struggle of indecision began again in her mind. She wanted time to think it out—time to decide. So she played with him, not realising that her very indecision was the answer to the question troubling her.

Montague released her instantly. "Very well—I won't worry you. Shall we go for our walk?"

She looked up at him wistfully; she wished that he were strong enough to decide for her. She would have been almost thankful had he taken all decision out of her hands and insisted on the marriage taking place. She touched his arm tentatively.

"You are not vexed with me. Just let me have to-day—I will—I will give you my answer to-night. . . ."

She ended a little breathlessly, as if she were afraid.

Montague raised her hand to his lips. "Till to-night then," he said.

They went out together. He talked on ordinary subjects lightly—heavily enough; he told her little bits of war news he had picked up from a man at the Admiralty, but all the time he was wondering how and when he could introduce the subject of Chatterton.

Tell her he must and would before they separated that morning, and the opportunity soon came.

As they were walking along the Strand a motor-car full of wounded soldiers turned out of Charles Cross Station. There was a general rush and outburst of cheering from the onlookers. Sonia ran a few steps forward excitedly to join them.

"Poor fellows!" she said compassionately, turning again to Montague. "It must seem to them as if we are all dreadfully callous, going about here in just the ordinary way, enjoying ourselves as if nothing were happening so near. Did you know the one sitting next to the nurse? He looked too ill to even open his eyes."

"I think they manage to have a pretty good time on the whole," said Montague. "Those who are well enough. People are very good to them, you know. But, talking about nurses. . . ." He laughed, as if at some amusing recollection. "Who do you think I saw in the park this morning with a nurse—and a very pretty one, too, from all appearances?"

Sonia flushed; she shook her head, though in her heart she knew well enough what was coming. "Who was it?" she asked. "Apparently he hasn't gone to America, as we all heard. At any rate, he was walking in the park not an hour ago, and on very good terms indeed with a pretty nurse. He looked a bit froggy; someone was saying yesterday that he'd had a touch of the 'flu—it's very much about, you know. However, he seemed to be enjoying his convalescence. . . ."

He laughed again as if it were of small importance. Sonia was fighting desperately for self-control; she bit her lip till the blood came to steady her voice sufficiently to answer. After a moment she forced herself to speak.

"Oh, yes, I saw him myself yesterday in the park."

(Continued on page 13.)

COMPLEXION PRESERVATION

is a problem many women have long ago solved for themselves. They use Pomeroy Skin Food, the genuine scientific toilet preparation. When gently massaged into the skin—the best time is at night on retiring—it is comforting, refreshing and invigorating. In the morning the complexion bears no trace of fatigue, and the skin is soft and supple to the touch. This is the best method of preserving the complexion against the withering effects of time, trouble or great mental anxiety. Any chemist sells Pomeroy Skin Food in jars at eighteenpence. (Adv.)

Another Free Pattern



Here's a Free Paper Pattern that **compels** attention.

If you want to make a blouse and have no pattern this is **THE VERY PATTERN** you want.

If you have **TWENTY** patterns it doesn't matter. **YOU WANT THIS ONE JUST THE SAME.** You want it (after the merest glance at the design) **MORE THAN ALL THE OTHER TWENTY PATTERNS PUT TOGETHER.** Nobody can **RESIST** this pattern—and nobody wants to.

It's GIVEN AWAY with to-day's "Home Chat" (one penny). If you find your newsagent has already sold out ask him to **ORDER A COPY** for you.



Sir George Gibb.

Is He the Man?

Keep your eye—your mental eye—on Sir George Gibb. Before this week is over you may find that he has been chosen as the Government's "man of push and go," the sort of super-director who is to undertake the big factory schemes Mr. Lloyd George outlined the other day. There have been thousands of applicants for the "job," and of all, I hear Sir George is the hot favourite.

They Say Yes.

I give you this "tip" on good authority, though, of course, nothing is certain in this tickle world. But those who know, or ought to know, while refusing to give any forecast, speak to me frequently of the obvious suitability of Sir George for the job the Government has vacant.

To Be Filled This Week.

Anyhow, I hear this post of director of all things "ammunitional" is to be filled this week.

"Tube King."

We used to call Sir George "the Tube King" when he was plotting out the organisation of London's various subterranean ways home. He did that well enough. Then he was appointed to the Road Board, and he has gone on doing good work there.

We Shall See.

Then at the end of last year he joined the Army Council with a special view to keeping a very open eye upon Army contracts. Now he is to be—well, I suppose we must wait and see.

Spring Has Come.

Did you notice anything peculiar about nine minutes to five yesterday afternoon? It was really an important moment, for then, in the language of the almanacs, "the sun entered Aries"—and spring began.

Good Samples.

The new season certainly sent good credentials immediately ahead of it. Yesterday and Saturday were perfect days. May they be reproduced many times in the coming weeks.

Where There Are Flowers.

I had much to do in town on Saturday or I would have been away into the country at an early hour. But I did manage to snatch a few hours after lunch and see something of the green things to come. I motored down to Hampton Court for tea, and had a full hour in those wonderful gardens, where already the first of the year's flowers are fading.

A Boon.

The crocus blooms are nearly all over, but the daffodils are just appearing in yellow flowers, and the beds already have a small show of early blossoms. What a boon Hampton Court is to the jaded Londoner.

Hampton Court's Tapestries.

By the way, if you haven't been to Hampton Court lately go and see the renovated tapestries. For nearly two years past, I hear, a staff of clever French women from the famous Gobelin factory near Paris has been employed in one of the rooms of the Palace in restoring thoroughly those famous tapestries.

Secrets They Guard.

They work, more or less, in secret, for their methods are most carefully guarded. Should any official have reason to enter the room in which they sit, their work is immediately covered up with green baize wraps—and so remains until the intruder has gone.

Recruiting Posters.

Dull your lights with recruiting posters is, in effect, a suggestion made in a bright little note the Chief Recruiting Staff Officer sends me. He points out that the Central Recruiting Depot has a wide selection of posters for distribution to those who will display them, and adds that a useful dual purpose can be served by placing posters on windows, "as they are then not only seen by passers-by, but hide the brilliancy of lighting, as requested by the police authorities."

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Over 1,500,000 "Sunday Pictorials."

Number 2 of the *Sunday Pictorial* had a circulation of over a million and a half, I hear. Pretty good, that, for a new paper, I think.

Everybody's Reading It.

But it was a fine number, from its wonderful front page right through. As on the Sunday before, I saw it everywhere in the streets as I came down to Fleet-street in the morning. London, at any rate, wanted the *Sunday Pictorial*, I can vouch for that; and the newsagents throughout the country can vouch for the rest. They were all Oliver Twists—asking for more.

Theatres Getting Busy.

What with revivals and new shows, there is quite a busy theatrical programme ahead of us. Of course, there is Barrie's "Rosy" to-night; then, "Dinner for Eight" to-morrow, two revivals in the week following, and then "Betty," the new Daly's show, on the Saturday in Easter week.

All-British "Betty."

"Betty" is to be an all-British musical comedy, written by Mr. Frederick Lonsdale and Miss Gladys Unger, with music by Paul Rubens. Manchester has already seen it, and although I haven't, I am told that it is really good.

Mr. Huntley Has a Part.

There is a good cast engaged. Mr. G. P. Huntley is in it—and possibly Mr. Basil Hallam will join. And among the pretty



Miss Madeline Seymour.

ladies, I hear, are Miss Madeline Seymour, Miss Winifred Baines, Miss Mabel Sealby—and others.

The Gaby Revue.

They tell me that the colour scheme of to-night's great mystery at the Duke of York's will be Rose-du-Barry!

The Famous Chamberlain Orchids.

I see that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's wonderful collection of orchids is to be sold by auction. I remember being once in King's Heath, which is only a tramway-car ride out of Birmingham, and seizing the opportunity to have a look at the orchid houses. High-bury is only a little way off the main road, and the gardener in charge was quite friendly.

An Enthusiast.

He was an enthusiast, and his pride in his remarkable blossoms was something to wonder at in these blasé latter days. But he had his reward, for a very beautiful bloom that he made his especial study was named after him.

"Joe."

I was being shown round the big orchid house with as much attention as though I had been an honoured guest, when round a corner there suddenly came into view a slight figure in a light grey frock suit. There was no need to look twice; the single eyeglass settled it.

He Took it Nicely.

At that time it was just before the Boer war—Mr. Chamberlain had the reputation of having an extremely sharp tongue, and I wasn't at all sure how he would take a complete stranger's presence in his private orchid house. But his "Good-day" was pleasant enough, and my astonishment was completed when he instructed the gardener to let me have a bloom.

Flat Racing Begins.

Though the great "To race or not to race" controversy surges through the land, flat racing opens to-day, and as an ordinary Briton, who likes horses and knows very little about racing save that it is a mighty good sport in normal times, I am interested. The first day of the Lincoln meeting marks a happy milestone in the year's course. It tells that spring is here, anyhow.

A Royal Year.

But in other times we should all of us have looked forward to this year's racing programme with unusual interest, for it bade fair to be a Royal year. I don't think there is anyone in the country who would not be glad to see the King win the Derby. And he has a great chance this year with Friar Marcus.

If.

Prophecy is normally a dangerous and thankless pastime, but I would risk a small wager that should the Derby be run this year, and should Friar Marcus come first past the post, though his Majesty should not be at Epsom, there would be one of the most remarkable demonstrations of popular satisfaction on the famous Downs that even the Derby course has ever known. And I remember the scene that greeted King Edward's victory, too.

Minting's Owner.

Mr. Robert Vyner, the well-known owner and breeder of racehorses, whose death came as a great shock to most people, had only two daughters—Lady Alwyne Compton and the lady who became Countess of Rosslyn, but is now Mrs. Charles Jarrott.

Lord Alwyne Compton's Son.

The elder of the former's two sons, Clare, is his grandfather's heir. Mr. Clare Vyner, who changed his name by royal licence three years ago, entered the Navy, and will be twenty-one on the 31st inst. His father, Lord Alwyne Compton, who died with tragic suddenness in December, 1911, was one of the best-groomed, best-liked and best-looking men in London.

"Spy's" Illness.

I am very glad to hear that Mr. Leslie Ward, the famous caricaturist known to the world as "Spy," who has been very seriously ill, is a little better. Although he was the cartoonist for *Vanity Fair* for thirty-six years, and until a short while ago was working as hard as usual, Mr. Ward cannot be called an old man. He is only sixty-three years of age, and in these days a man is young at seventy.

Mr. Leslie Ward.

Always Drawing Famous People.

It would be hard to find a man who has met and seen more interesting personalities of the past than Mr. Ward. The son of the late Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., "Spy" started his career as a cartoonist at the early age of twenty-two, when he joined the staff of *Vanity Fair*. From that time onwards he caricatured in his inimitable way all the most famous people of the day.

Actions to Suit His Name.

In order to "catch" his subjects Mr. Ward often had to really "spy" so that he might get a characteristic portrait. For instance, he tracked down the great Cardinal Newman to a refreshment-room at a Birmingham station, and managed to get a sketch of him while he was eating a plate of soup.

"Raffles" Going Strong.

It would be too bad if Special Constable Arthur Bouchier were to stay in Charing Cross-road until he succeeded in capturing Raffles, as *Punch* suggested. That necklacing gentleman is too interesting to be removed. I went to Wyndham's on Saturday night to see Raffles steal the diamond necklace for the 464th time. And he did it as beautifully as ever. And the audience loved him as much as ever.

THE RAMBLER.

1½d.

TO-DAY sees the first appearance of

1½d.

THE ECHO

AND LONDON
EVENING CHRONICLE

London's newest and
brightest evening paper.

Some of the Contents:—

ALL THE NEWS AND THE BEST NEWS
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THE BEST INSURANCE SCHEME.

Charles Garvice's New Novel.

This favourite author has written his latest and best novel, "The One Girl in the World," specially for the "ECHO and EVENING CHRONICLE." A long illustrated instalment appears daily. It is an enthralling love romance, written in the famous novelist's most sympathetic vein.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

(Continued from page 11.)

Regent-street. He was with a nurse then—probably the same one. She certainly was very pretty.”

“You—saw him?”

Montague asked the question in blank amazement.

“Yes...” Sonia stopped to look in a shop window. “It’s rather child-like, isn’t it? for influenza, don’t you think?” she asked, with a touch of scorn in her voice.

Montague felt a little dazed. If Sonia had seen Chatterton she must know that he was in uniform! Did it mean, then, that she no longer cared anything for him or for what he did?

He answered lamely.

“Sometimes the flu is very bad; sometimes it is a real illness.”

“A headache is a real illness to some people,” she answered him.

She deliberately changed the conversation; she talked away, giving herself no time for thought, but always before her eyes she could see Richard Chatterton as she had seen him yesterday, laughing down at the pretty girl in uniform.

Did Chatterton care for this other girl, whoever she was?

She knew Montague was watching her oddly. She wondered with a sort of panic if he imagined that she was still fretting for Richard; the thought, but always before her eyes she could see Richard Chatterton as she had seen him yesterday, laughing down at the pretty girl in uniform.

“So am I—so happy that I wish we could go on and on for ever just as we are now.”

She laughed a little shakily.

“We should soon get hungry and hate each other.”

“Should we? I don’t believe it.”

She looked up at him; she felt as if the time had come now when she must force herself to speak. He squeezed her fingers.

“So am I—so happy that I wish we could go on and on for ever just as we are now.”

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BOOM IN LABOUR SAVERS

Servants Hard to Find as So Many Girls Are Doing Men’s Work.

Servants are harder than ever to find nowadays, owing to the fact that girls are replacing men in various departments of industry, and as a result housewives are eagerly buying labour-saving devices.

In West End shops many new inventions intended to facilitate housework are being sold.

“The carpet cleaner,” an experienced nurse said to *The Daily Mirror*, “is not only good for the carpet but also for the linoleum and the stained floors.”

“Not every woman knows this, or that when one uses a carpet sweeper there is less dusting to be done. In the sick room endless labour is saved in this way.”

“Instead of a heavy dust on the furniture, the pictures and the ornaments, only a light dust that can be lightly brushed or flicked off with a feather duster accumulates.”

“The carpet sweeper prevents the kneeling and housemaid’s knee, for it reaches under furniture and the beds in the cleaning process.”

“Quite a week’s work is saved by this alone and then there are the numerous kitchen labour-saving pots, pans and other vegetable parers which can be turned into meat mincers and suet choppers, which also save the labour of chopping for rissoles, stews and ragouts.”

TEA-COSY MUFF.



BARGAINS AT THE SHOPS.

Spring Millinery That Will Delight the Most Fastidious Buyers.

Hats everywhere! And such delightful hats! Really you should see them for yourself. Messrs. Pouting, of Kensington, are having a special show of spring millinery this week, and I feel sure the hat you are searching for is there. I saw a charming Breton sailor of white silk, underlined with white Tégul straw and draped with a fascinating veil, priced only at 12s. 9d.

A practica, sailor shape for morning wear of rustic straw and trimmed with a plain band of corded silk ribbon was only 7s. 11d., and is to be had in all colourings.

At Messrs. Pouting’s you will find a delightful profusion of different shapes at 12s. 9d. or 21s. 9d. The popular Glogarry shape is charmingly represented in Tégul straw, trimmed with an up-standing loop of ribbon or jaunty quills.

I did not know it was possible to get such good value for so little outlay until I visited the bargain basement at Messrs. Peter Robinson, Oxford-street, W. If you are spring cleaning and need some inexpensive curtains, you will find some there from 3s. a pair!

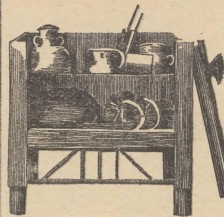
I found a delightful lawn blouse, tucked and hemstitched, price 1s. 11d., and some pretty voiles, with large coloured spots, were marked at 3s. 11d. A special display of Easter millinery at Messrs. Arding and Hobbs, Clapham Junction, S.W., is really temptingly attractive, both in styles and prices. I was told they undertake to supply a smart mauve hat in pleated silk with Tégul underbrim, trimmed with sprays of silk-shaded pansies, for 9s. 11d., and that they can be made in any colour.

I saw some smart and low-priced costumes, which are object lessons in remarkable value, at Messrs. Frederick Goring’s, in Buckingham Palace-road, S.W. They offer also four guineas a smart little black taffeta coat to be worn in or out of doors. It is of a design that embodies the newest ideas, without being extreme, and is being stocked in all sizes.

Special bargains of many descriptions are being offered by Messrs. Derry and Toms, of Kensington High-street, W. They are too numerous to mention, but a visit to the famous Kensington house will amply repay the trouble taken. M. V. J.

The Constantinople branches of the Deutsche Bank and the Bankverein have, within the last few days, says Reuter, sent to their head offices in Berlin almost all their reserves of gold, amounting to nearly £2,500,000.

A TOILET BOX of 40 CENTURIES AGO



ITS STRANGE CONTENTS.

THE adjoining illustration represents an unique example of a lady’s toilet box, the original of which is in the British Museum. The date of it is a matter of conjecture, but the authorities suggest that it probably belongs to a period 2,000 B.C.

It appears to be a complete Beauty Outfit, and is reputed to have belonged to a famous beauty of the period, THUTHU, who was the wife of ANNI, the Scribe.

The records state that the Unguents or Ointments were made from vegetable oils of the first order, including those from the Olive, Almond, Flax, and Lettuce. This is particularly interesting, as, after a lapse of forty centuries, the finest aid to beauty known, OATINE, is made from the oil or essence of the finest oats, and the method of preparing it and using it have very much improved, as a knowledge of the delicacy and charm of the Oatine Toilet Preparations will convince you.

THE TOILET BOX OF THE MODERN VENUS

How You May Receive One Free.

The reference made in the foregoing paragraph to the acknowledged value of oil in making for perfect beauty, is more important to-day than ever before. The dust and dirt in the air, the hard water, the dry and cold winds, all combine to rob the skin of the oil it needs to preserve its youthful contour. This is why so many complexions fade, because the skin is starved of the oil it needs. The Oatine Preparations contain the pure healing essence of the finest oats.

OATINE CREAM sets down into the pores and restores to the minute oil glands, below the skin, the oil they need. It further removes dirt and grime from the pores which soap and water cannot reach. Contains no animal fat, therefore, cannot grow hair. It is sold in white jars, 1s. 1/4d.

OATINE SNOW, on the other hand, contains no oil, but is a vanishing cream, as its name suggests, for it vanishes as quickly as snow flakes, leaving the skin cool, fresh and velvety. In white jars, 1s.

OATINE SOAP is scientifically compounded from the healing and cleansing properties of Oats. It makes a soft, creamy lather, which cleans the skin thoroughly. Oatine Soap is sold in 104 and 34 tablets.

OATINE FACE POWDER improves the appearance of almost any skin. It checks perspiration and prevents that soft, velvety appearance so universally admired. In three shades—white, natural or cream. In boxes, price 1s. 4d.

OATINE SHAMPOO POWDERS. Owing to the great difference in people’s hair, some being dry and some being oily, Oatine Shampoo Powders are made in two varieties: for dry hair in 2s. packets, for oily hair in green packets. 2d. each, or 7 packets in a box, 1s.

A 50-page BOOK on “BEAUTY,” containing over 50 illustrations, many of them similar to the Egyptian Toilet referred to above. The book is written by Mr. Cuthbert Andrews, an acknowledged authority.

THE OATINE CO.’S UNIQUE OFFER.

To all sending 3d. in stamps for postage, The Oatine Co. will send the Toilet Box of the Modern Venus by return containing a Trial Size of all the above Aids to Beauty.

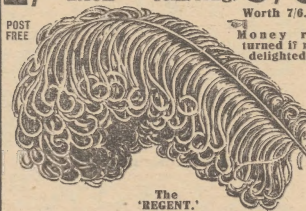
Applications should be addressed to:—

THE OATINE CO.,

116, Oatine Buildings, Boro’, London, S.E.



2/- or TWO for 3/6
Sent on approval.
EACH 18in. long.
Worth 7/6.
Money returned if not delighted.



REAL OSTRICH FEATHER RUCHE TRIMMING
to go right round Crown or Brim of Hat. 30in. LONG. Colours in stock—Black, White, Sage, Purple, Navy, and Newest Spring Shades.
Post free. Money returned if not delighted. 2/6 Worth more than double. Sent on approval.

IMPORTANT—Note address carefully (Opposite Selfridge’s)

THE LONDON OSTRICH FEATHER CO.,
(Opposite Selfridge’s) 53, DUKE ST. OXFORD ST. LONDON, W. Phone 7680 GERRARD.

GREAT SALE

FOR 7 DAYS, UNTIL MARCH 29th.

OF REAL OSTRICH FEATHERS

NOTICE—Owing to the enormous demand for these “Regent” Feathers and Ruches, we cannot supply more than two Feathers or one Ruche to each Customer.

Can order now—Stocks of 200,000 Stock of Ostrich Feathers, Ruches, and Ostrichs to select from, or send for Catalogue Free.

The “REGENT” in Black, White, and newest Spring Shades. This Justus, full-length, real Ostrich Plume, 18in. long, POST FREE, SENT ON APPROVAL, on receipt of remittance for 2/- or 2 for 3/6.

REPAIRS
We are experts in repairs in Ostrich Feathers and Ruches.



DO YOU WANT A £1 A WEEK?

In Leicester, the headquarters of this Company, a boom far exceeding any previous experience is in evidence. Factories are working double time—day and night shifts are employed. Every available worker is engaged—and working overtime at good pay.

For our part we cannot keep pace with the orders that we have received for hosiery and knitted goods such as are required for our soldiers and sailors, although our workers all over the country have responded splendidly to our call for more hosiery.

WE MUST HAVE MORE WORKERS at once. Industrious persons can secure profitable home work on Auto-Knitters. Write for illustrated prospectus containing full particulars, and enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

The AUTO-KNITTER HOSIERY Co., Ltd., (Dept. 54), 50 and 52, Belvoir Street, LEICESTER

SPREAD OF INFLUENZA.

Specialist Advises Use of Pine Tar and Sugar to Overcome a National Danger.

The present epidemic of coughs, colds, bronchial and lung troubles, which, for the want of a better term, are usually spoken of as influenza, is beginning to have a serious effect on the economic life of the country; for thousands of people are being incapacitated for work for days and even weeks at a time. It therefore becomes a matter of vital importance that every sufferer should immediately consult a physician or obtain an effective home remedy. In all ordinary attacks of coughs, colds, throat and bronchial trouble immediate relief may be obtained by taking a pine tar cough syrup easily made at home by stirring 2 ounces of bitrate of tar into a syrup made by dissolving half a pound of sugar in half pint of boiling water. One or two teaspoonfuls may be taken at frequent intervals until the cough, irritation and soreness have disappeared. The soothing and healing properties of this syrup, as well as its remarkable value in the treatment of all throat, bronchial and pulmonary troubles, are doubtless due to the fact that bitrate of tar, which is obtainable of any chemist, makes readily available the remarkable remedial agents found in pine tar, oil of pine, pine balsam, guaiacol and wild cherry. It is absolutely free from heroin, opium, morphine, cocaine and all other dangerous habit-forming drugs frequently used, none of which should ever be used except as prescribed by a physician. (Adv.)



Look out for No. 1 tomorrow!

Number One of "Everywoman's Weekly" will that day prove that the perfect paper for ALL women has been produced at last! Helpful—entertaining—bright—and many-sided, "Everywoman's Weekly" will deal with every interest of womankind, and do so better than has ever been done before. Don't forget to get it to-morrow—Tuesday.

SPLENDID STORIES.
CANDID CHATS.
FASHION FANCIES.

PRACTICAL PATTERNS.
PLEASING PICTURES.
HOMELY HINTS.

Charming blouse pattern offered **FREE**.

THE NEW PAPER
FOR ALL WOMEN

Everywoman's Weekly

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Novel Prize Competition.
FIRST PRIZE . . £500



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& CO., LTD.
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THIS WEEK
SPECIAL DISPLAY
OF
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At **12/11.**

ALSO

SPECIAL SALE
OF
BLOUSES.
REMARKABLE VALUES.

T. J. HARRIES & CO., Ltd.,
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DO YOU WANT
MORE MONEY? IF SO



Knit Socks and Stockings with our Rapid Knitting Machine. Never before has the demand for knitted goods been so great as at the present time. We supply Machines to reliable families on Easy Terms. Good pay.

Write for particulars:—
HELPING HAND STORES,
(Dept. D.M.), Manchester.

**NEVER
AGAIN!**

That was your vow last year when you were in the throes of Spring cleaning. Now on the verge of another Spring Clean!—Are you going to wear yourself out once more, or are you going to do it the "Daisy" way? No need to move heavy furniture, no need to take up the carpets or to remove the curtains. Every corner can be reached by the Daisy Vacuum Cleaner—corners which are inaccessible to the broom.

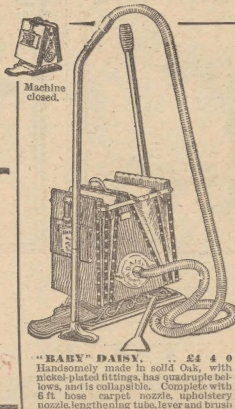
**THE DAISY
VACUUM CLEANER.**

The **BABY DAISY**, 42/-
Other Sizes—
63/-, 84/-, and 105/-.

Write for Booklet "Who Said Dust?"
(94) and name of nearest agent.

THE DAISY VACUUM CLEANER CO., Ltd.,
Leamington Rd., Gravely Hill, Birmingham.
CONTRACTORS TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

Also NEW MODEL
DAISY SWEEPER
No. 2 for Carpets,
Hugs, Lino-covered and
Floors. 30/-



"BABY" DAISY. £4 4 0
Handsomely made in solid Oak, with nickel-plated fittings, has quadruple bellows, and is collapsible. Complete with 6 ft. hose, carpet nozzle, upholstery nozzle, lengthening tube, lever and brush.

Chic FRENCH HATS for 7/6 (including VEIL)

Two Contrasting Styles.



The "BEJANE," sketched on left, is made in Black Silk, brim edged with Graceline Lace, trimmed ribbon in the following colours: Royal, Saxe, Purple, Vieux Rose, Champagne, Ivory or Black, with mixed posie of small flowers to contrast.

PRICE 7/6 including Veil.

Box and postage 1/- extra (U.K. only).

The "POLAIRE," sketched on right, is made of straw, trimmed ribbon velvet and three piquets of moss roses and foliage round crown; in Navy, Nigger, Prunelle (dark purple), Ivory or Black, with Self-colour or contrasting band of Saxe Blue ribbon velvet, as sketch. Hat in Ivory only with contrast Veil.

PRICE 7/6 including Veil.

Box and Postage 1/- extra (U.K. only)

THE 7/6 Hat with Veil is a speciality for which we are renowned all the world over. Ladies should not fail to send at once for our Latest Catalogue—"Advance Millinery Styles," post free. Most artistically illustrated, it enables one to see at a glance the precise effect of any style.

The FRENCH HAT SHOP opposite Polytechnic, and near Queen's Hall,
322-323, Regent St., London, W. Telephone Gerrard 7698.

Allen Foster & Co.
THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS

Design No. 1679 **10/6**



MAID'S COAT & SKIRT

made in all the choice colourings of Allen Foster & Co.'s celebrated Oxford Serge. Smartly cut Coat, with plenty of fulness. Military front, new collar. Well-made Corset Skirt, with belt at back, cut with plenty of fulness. Colours:—Navy, Light and Dark Grey, Brown, Purple, Green and Black.

Sizes 6 7 8 9
Skirt Lengths --- 30 32 34 36 ins.
Price only **10/6**. Great value for money. In sending order please state size required.

Write TO-DAY for CATALOGUE (No. 3) of **SPRING FASHIONS in Ladies' and Maids' Costumes**. Coats, Skirts, etc. Show-rooms open until 7.30 p.m.; and Saturdays 1 p.m.

Design No. 3219

Price **3/11** Post Free **COSTUME SKIRT**

made in good wearing Black and Navy Serge, very durable and guaranteed to wear well. Skirt is high waisted, gathered at back with wide band, trimmed buttons. Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch lengths, and 22, 24 and 26 inch waist.

Special Bargain. Price only **3/11**, carriage paid.
ALLEN FOSTER & CO.,
90 & 92, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON

THE **GRAMOTONE 7/6**

The latest thing for your Gramophone. A simple but most effective device, giving the player full control over the volume of sound, which may be increased or diminished at will by pneumatic action.

MAY BE ATTACHED TO ANY GRAMOPHONE.

Enables the operator to produce delightful modulations and effectively suppresses the "grind" of the needle; invaluable for accompanying songs, as by no other method can the pianissimo be so satisfactorily achieved. One large dealer alone has placed an order for 500 for quick delivery.

To be obtained of all Gramophone dealers, or to avoid delay, post free on receipt of P.O. for 7/6 direct from
THE MASTERPIECE PATENTS CO.,
Hedges Buildings, 14, Bull St., Birmingham.

THE "Sunday Pictorial"
No. 2 was without rival
in popular esteem, hence its
enormous circulation.

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

THE "Sunday Pictorial's"
Photographs of the War
Ashore and Afloat are the
Best.

BEAUTIFUL CHURCH DESTROYED. g.11910



Albert's beautiful church, which has been frequently mentioned in both the French and enemy dispatches, has been destroyed by the Huns' artillery, and the picture shows the shattered fabric. Albert is near Amiens.

TWO LITTLE GRECIAN PATRIOTS. g.509



Grecian boys dressed as infantry officers of high rank. The picture was taken at Athens when the country was in a state of great excitement over the resignation of M. Venizelos. The people want to go to war with Turkey.

DON'T WANT TO BE LIKE BELGIUM. g.40A



Swiss soldiers crossing a temporary bridge which enables them to patrol various frontier districts. With Germany so close, the little country must guard its neutrality with the greatest care.

TAUGHT A KING. P.535



Sergeant Oliver Stanton, who has died. He taught King Edward to ride a bicycle.

NURSES INSPECTED BY THE KING. g.931



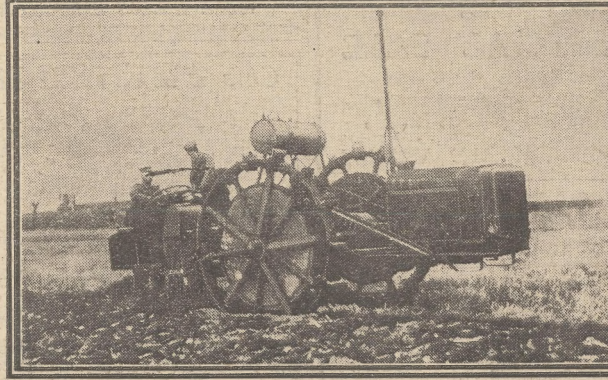
Nurses attached to the National Guard, who took part in the march to Buckingham Palace, where they were inspected by the King. The Lord Mayor walked at the head of the men.

MORAN TRAINING FOR NEXT MONDAY. P.16132



Frank Moran doing stomach exercises. He meets Bombardier Wells at the London Opera House on Monday next. Moran's last contest in London was against Fred Storbeck, whom he knocked out in twelve rounds.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

POTATOES FOR GERMANY'S WAR BREAD. g.423



German soldiers working a motor-plough. They are preparing the ground for the coming potato crop. Bakers in the Fatherland are now compelled to use a certain amount of potato and only make KK bread.